H 1619. d.

SIX SONGS FOR CONVERSATION:

THE

Words by divers Hands.

THE

TUNES contrived to make agreeable little Leſſons for the *Harpſichord*, *Viol*, *Violin*, and *Hautboy*.

TRANSPOSED

Into proper Keys for the *German*, or common *Flute*.

OFFER'D

In all Gratitude, as a NEW YEAR'S GIFT to the PUBLICK.

By *HENRY CAREY*.

VOL. II. PART I.

LONDON:

Printed in the Year 1728. and ſold at the *Muſic* Shops.

[Price One Shilling.]

N.B. *The firſt Volume is now Reprinting, and will be publiſh'd with all Speed.*

SIX

SONGS

FOR

CONVERSATION:

QUARTO.

VOL. II. PART I.

LONDON:

Printed for the Proprietors, and Sold at the MUSICAL Shops.

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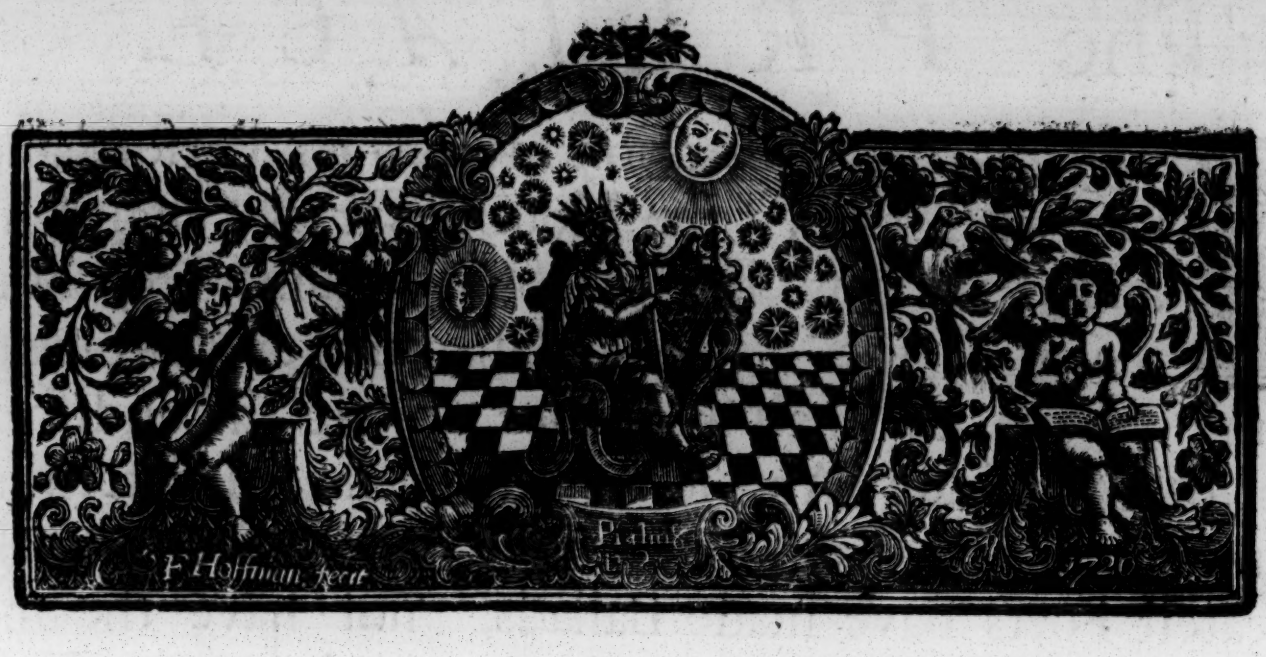


To my much Honoured Friend

Mr. JOSEPH GREEN,

IN

Whoſe agreeable Company I have ſpent many delightful Hours:

THESE

SIX SONGS

Are moſt Humbly Dedicated,

By his Obedient Servant

H. CAREY.

The *PREFACE.*

THE generous Reception my former Performances met with, open'd the Mouth of Envy againſt me, and gave my Enemies Opportunity to brand me with the Title of Ballad-maker; which, at that time did me no ſmall Prejudice among the undiſcerning Part of Mankind: And ſo far piqued me, I determin'd never to compoſe more. But finding on Reflection, that the greateſt Poets have made Ballads, nor have the moſt eminent Muſicians diſdain'd to ſet 'em; and that, even during my Silence, many were publiſh'd by other Hands, with good Succeſs: I alter'd my peeviſh Reſolution, and re-embrac'd my long rejected Muſe; hoping, that what was Merit in others, would not be eſteem'd a Crime in me. If I underſtand a-right the Word Ballad, it implies a Song ſung at a Ball *, tho' now it is generally applied to any Song, where two or more Verſes are ſung to the ſame Tune; if ſo, the Odes of the Divine *Horace* are but Ballads, nor are *Tamo tanto*, *Per la Gloria*, and many other excellent Opera Airs I could mention, any better.

It is therefore highly injurious to Poetry and Muſic, to eſteem a Poem the worſe for being in Stanzas, or undervalue an Air becauſe it may be ſung to more Verſes than one.

Were it not for Songs of this Nature, Company would oftentimes grow dull and inſipid; why then ſhould good Senſe or good Muſic be depreciated for a Word's ſake? And a Poet or Muſician derided for ſupplying the Town with ſuch Helps to Converſation.

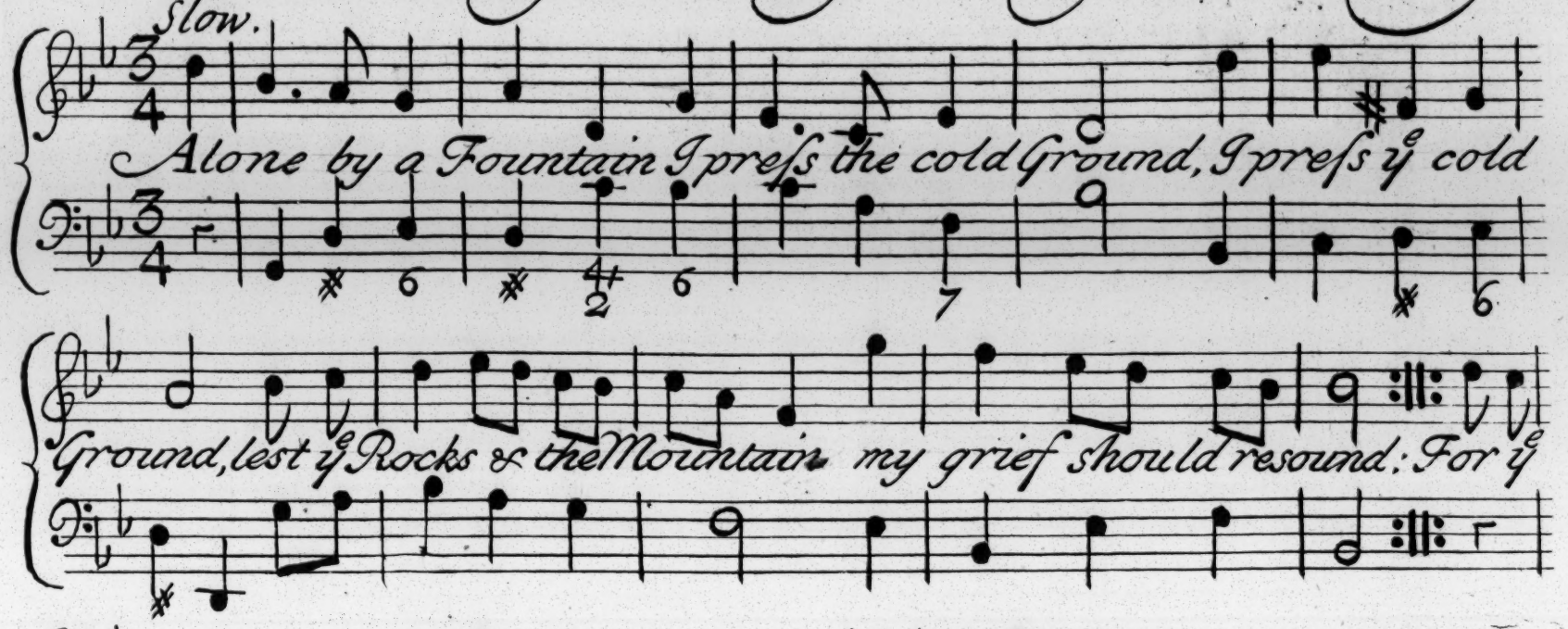
There are, however, many Perſons of exquiſite Taſte, who eſteem a Song ne'er the worſe for being term'd a Ballad; but, that theſe ſlight Airs may not ſeem my *ne plus Ultra*, my next Preſent to the Publick ſhall be *Cantatas*: In the mean time I hope, *I go to the Elizian Shade*, will paſs for ſomewhat more than a Ballad.

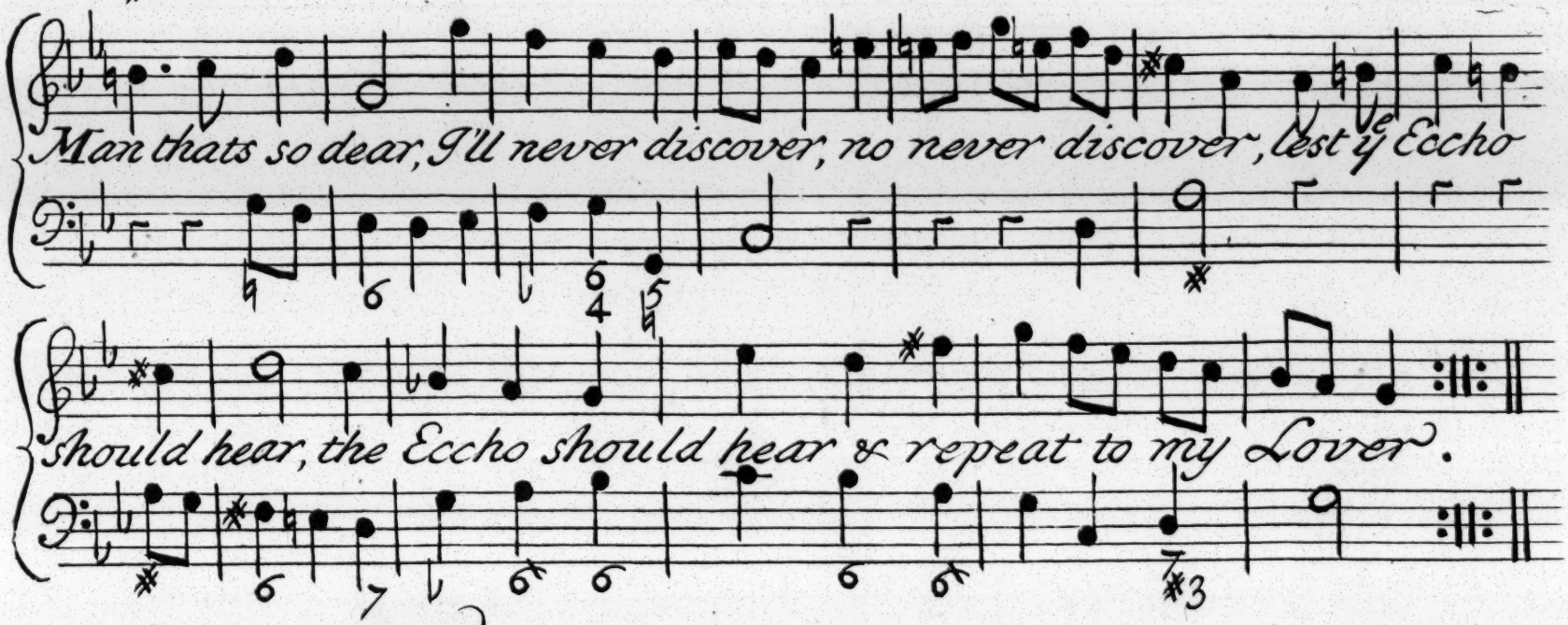
Patroniz'd by the Generous and Good, I now deſpiſe the Malice of Underlings; nor am I to be laugh'd out of a Talent which may afford Diverſion to myFriends, or Profit to my ſelf; but, ſpight of Envy; I ſhall in Gratitude for Favours receiv'd, exhibit my little Labours, as Occaſion Offers, and theſe find Encouragement.

* A *Balade or Balet, or Roundelay*; in French *Balade*, in Latin *Tripudium*, a Daunce, quod *ejuſmodi cantationes* apud Gallos *tripudiis adaptari ſoleant*. In Spaniſh *Balada* from *Baylar* to daunce.
MINSHEI, *p.* 54.

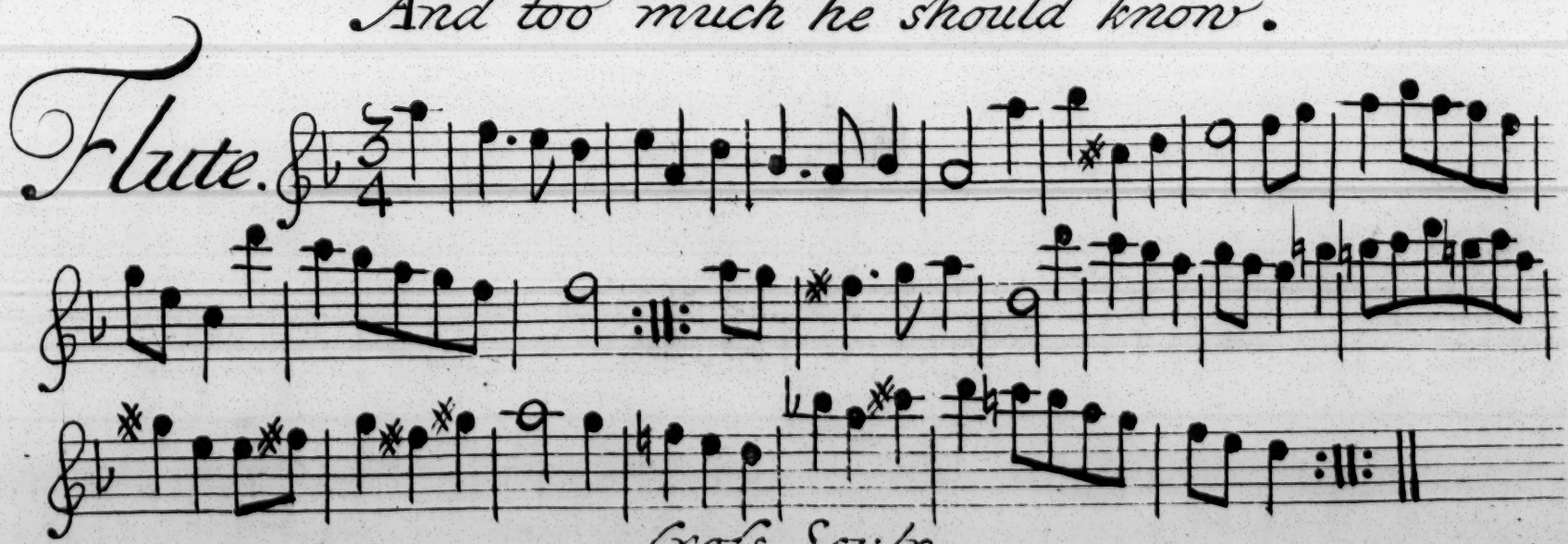
Love & Prudence

The Words by a Lady, Set by Mr: Carey.





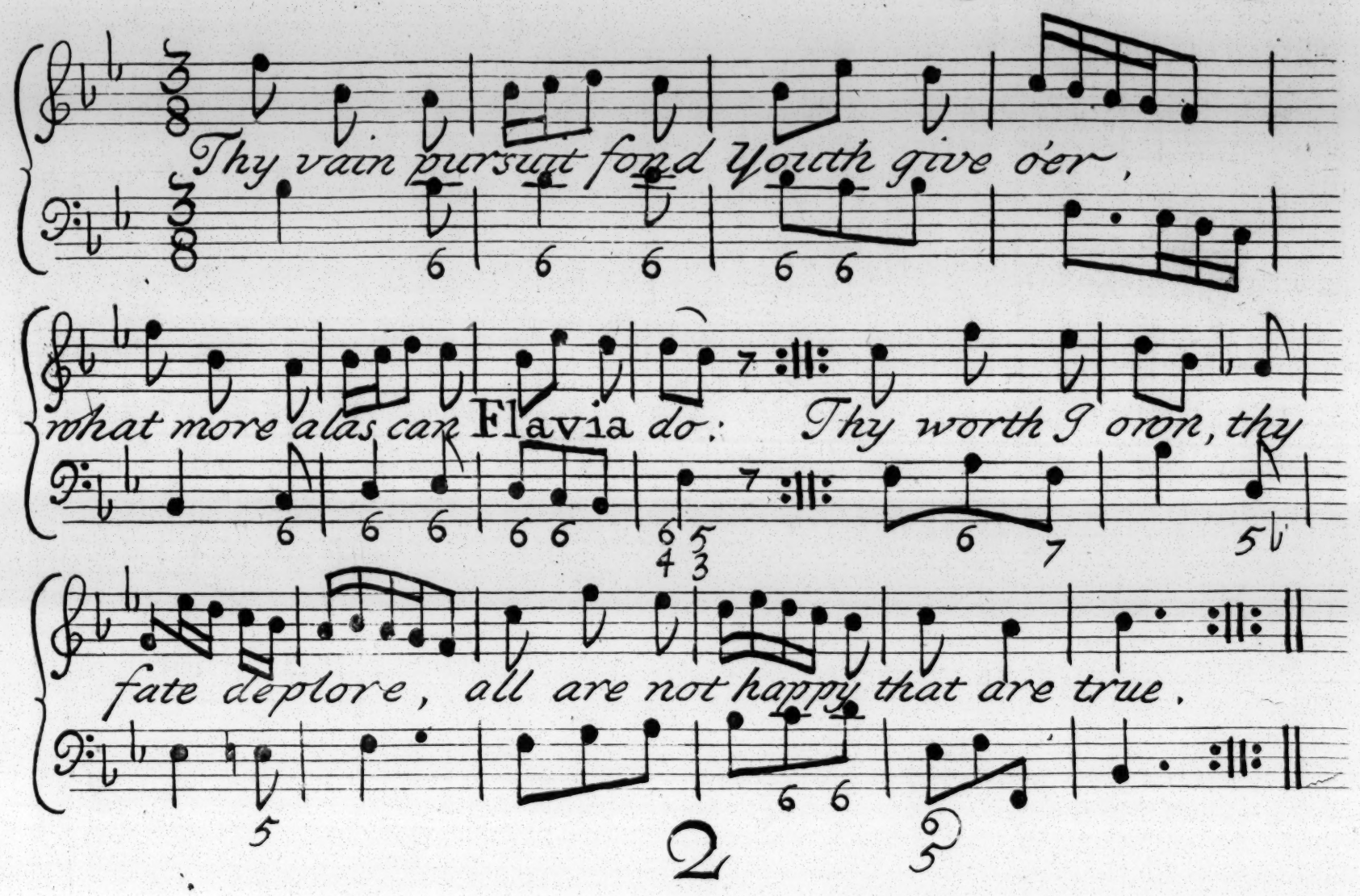
The pains that invade me
I never will tell,
No never will tell;
Leſt the World ſhould upbraid me
With Loving too well:
If my truth cannot move,
No fondneſs I'll ſhow,
No fondneſs I'll ſhow;
'Tis enough that I Love,
Enough that I Love,
And too much he ſhould know.



Groſs Sculp.

The Generous Repulse.

The Words by A: Hill. Esq.r Set by Mr: Carey.



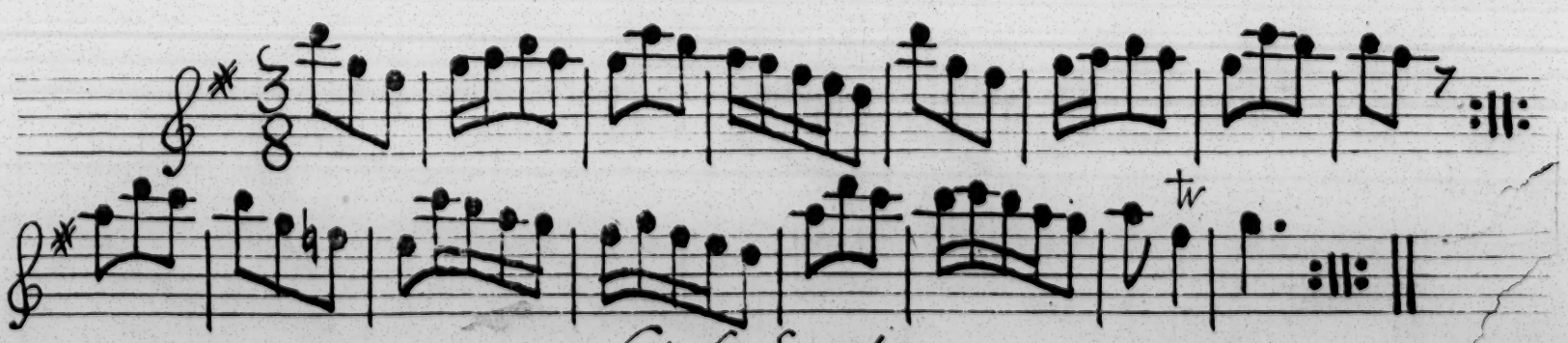
2

Suppress thy sighs & weep no more,
Should Heav'n & Earth wth thee combine;
'Twere all in vain since any pow'r
To Crown thy Love, must alter mine.

3

But if revenge can ease thy pain,
I'll sooth the Ills I cannot cure:
Tell thee I drag a hopeless chain,
And all that I inflict, endure.

For the Flute



Cross Sculp.

The Wheedler.

The Words by an unknown hand, Set by Mr. Carey.

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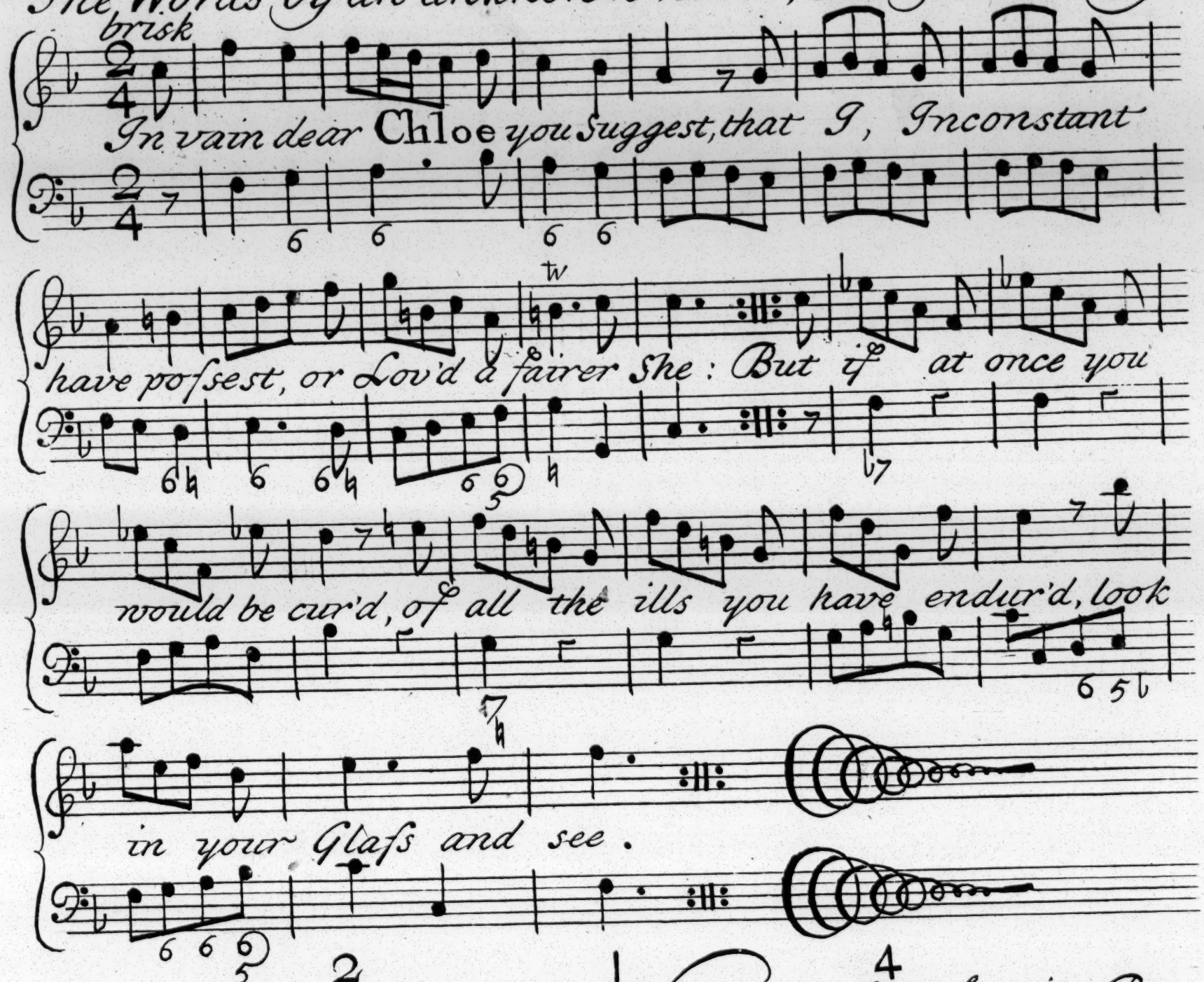


2

And if perchance ye there should find,
A Nymph more Lovely or more kind,
You've reason for your tears:
But if impartial you will prove,
Both to your Beauty & my Love,
How needless are those fears.

3

If in my way I should by chance,
Give, or receive a wanton glance,
I like but whilst I view:
How faint ye glance, how slight ye kiss,
Compar'd to that Substantial bliss,
I still receive from you.

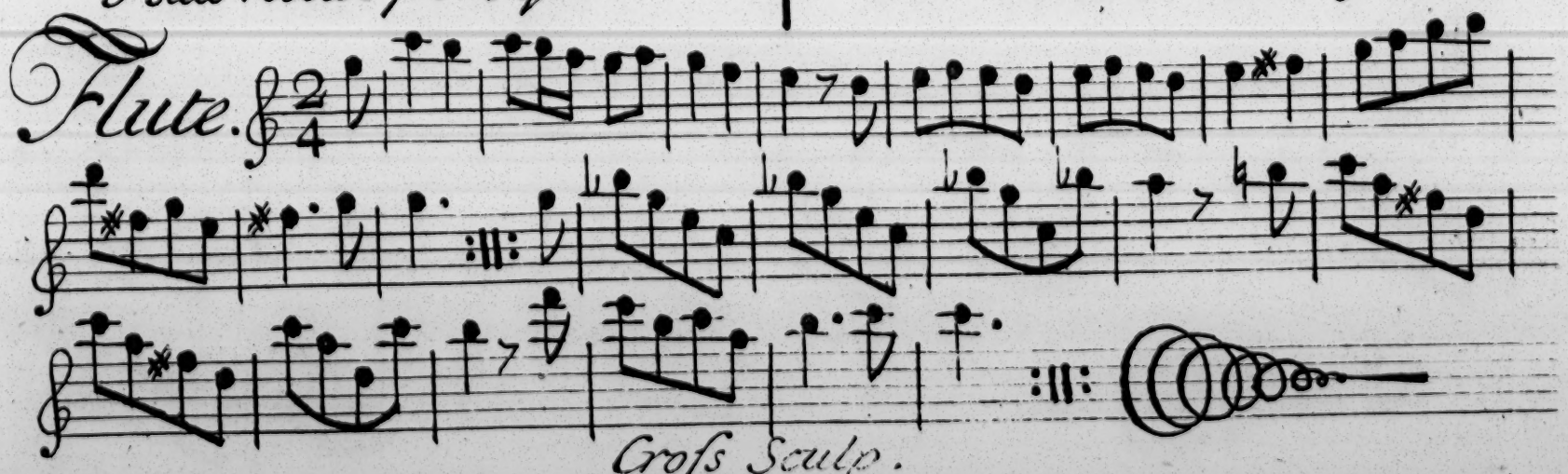
4

With wanton flight ye curious Bee,
From Flower to Flower still wanders free
& where each Blossom blows:
Extracts ye Juice of all he meets,
& for his Quintescence of Sweets,
He Ravishes ye Rose.

5

So I my leisure to employ,
In each variety of Joy,
From Nymph to Nymph do roame.
Perhaps see Fifty in a Day,
They are but visits which I pay,
For Chloe's still my home.

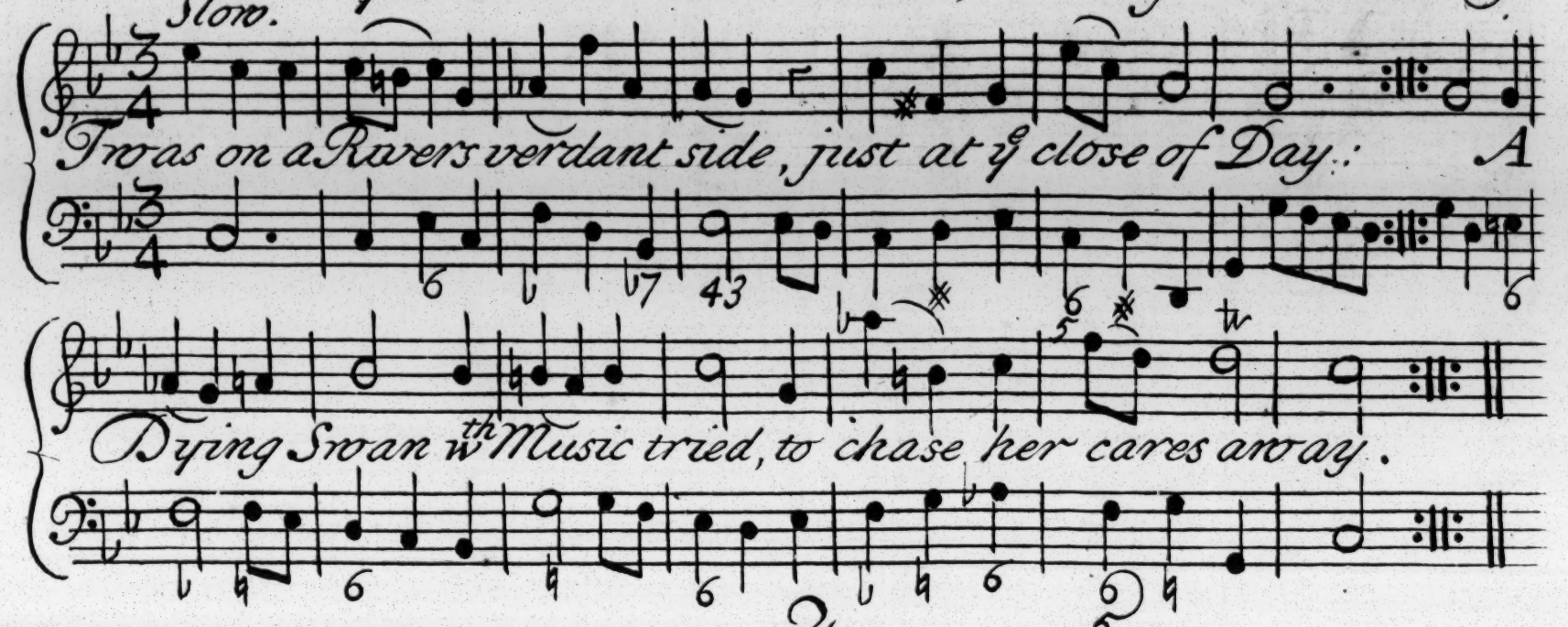
Flute.



Cross Sculp.

The Dying Swan.

The Words from an old Author, Set by **Mr. Carey.**



2

And, tho' she ne'er had stretch'd her Throat,
Or tun'd her Voice before;
Death (ravish'd with so sweet a Note,)
Awhile the Stroke forbore.

3

Farewel, she cry'd, ye Silver Streams;
Sweet purling Streams adieu!
Where **Phœbus** *us'd to dart his beams,*
And bless both me & you.

4

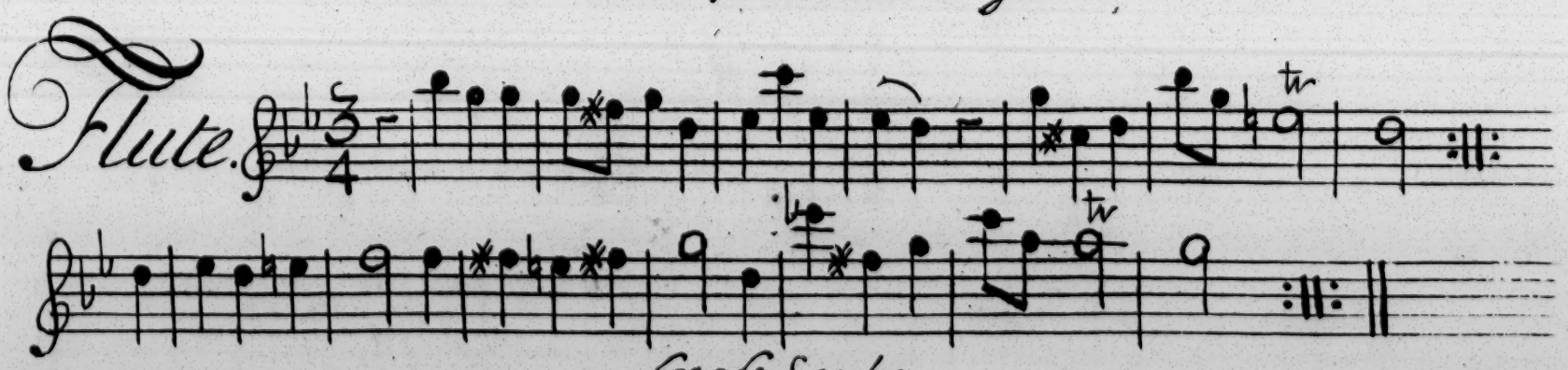
Farewel, ye tender whistling Reeds;
Soft Scenes of happy Love!
Farewel ye dear Enamel'd Meads,
Where I was wont to rove.

5

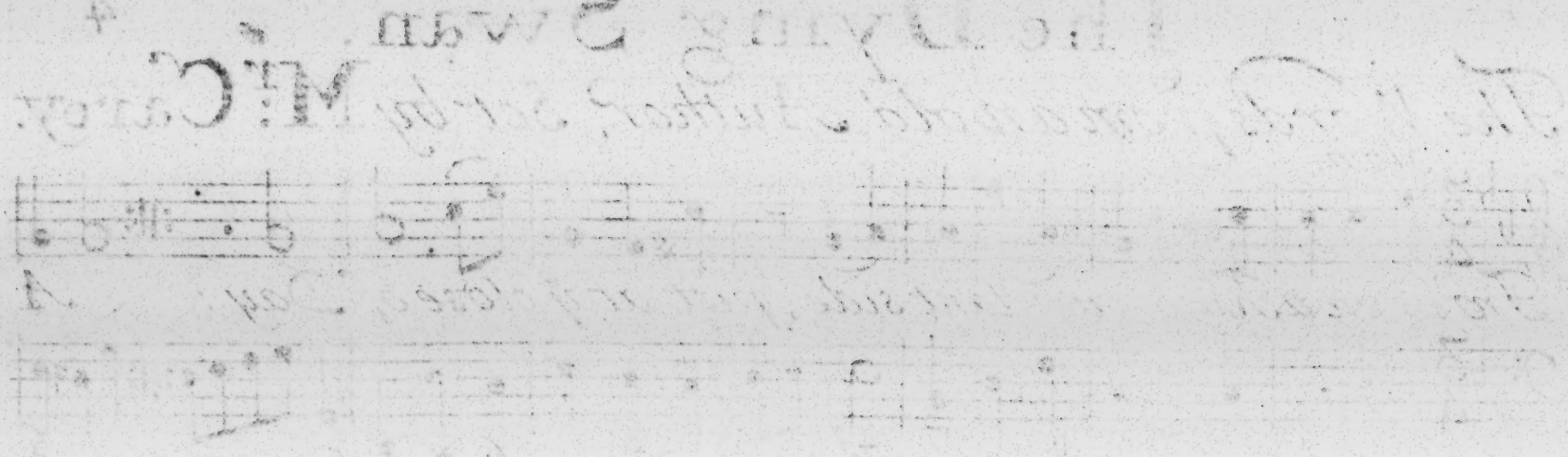
No more with you must I converse,
See! yonder setting Sun,
Attends, while I my last rehearse,
& then I must be gone.

6

Weep not, my tender, constant Mate!
We'll meet again below;
It is the Fixt decree of Fate,
& I with pleasure go.



Cross Sculp.



The Nightingale.

The Words by Mr. Welsted, Set by Mr. Carey.

Gently

While in a Bonor w beauty blest, ye lovid, ye lovid Amintor lies;
while sinking on Lucinda's breast, he fondly, fondly kiss'd her Eyes:
A wakeful Nightingale who long had mournid, had mournd within ye Shade
sweetly renew'd her plaintive Song, & war — bled through the Glade.

Melodious Songstress! cry'd ye Swain,
To Shades, to Shades less happy go;
Or, if thou wilt with us remain,
Forbear, forbear thy tuneful woe:
While in Lucinda's arms I lie,
To Song, to Song, I am not free;
On her soft bosome, while I die,
I dis — cord find in thee.

Flute.

Cross Sculp.

The Romp. *Sung by* Mrs. Cibber *in ye Provok'd Husband.*

Words & Music by Mr. Carey.

Jig time.

Oh I'll have a Husband ay marry, for why should I longer tarry, for

why should I longer tarry, than other brisk Girls have done: For if I stay till

I grow grey, they'll call me old Maid, & fusty old Jade, so I'll no longer

tarry, but I'll have a Husband ay marry, if money can buy me one.

My Mother She says I'm too coming;
& still in my Ears She is drumming,
& still in my Ears She is drumming,
That I such vain thoughts should shun:
My Sisters they cry,
Oh fye, & Oh fye!
But, yet I can see,
They're as coming as me;
So, let me have Husbands in plenty,
I'd rather have Twenty times Twenty;
Than dye an old Maid Undone.

Flute.

Gross Sculp.

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